

# The Walking Dead: Interactive Gay Erotica

by Lemons For Lemonade

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Summary: You have been recruited into Rick's group. He has given you a choice. Who will you help? Who will you choose? Who will you make love with? It's all up to you. Very mature. Lemons, upon lemons. Have fun with it.

## 1. Introduction

It is just past dawn in Alexandria; the sun peaks through the pale, yellow curtains in my bedroom, casting a long, grey shadow just across my bed. I wake up to a mixture of sounds: Virginian cascades singing in the distance, a rifle discharging, and Rick's boots clicking against the hardwood floors just downstairs. I let out a deep yawn, stretching my arms towards the ceiling and extending my legs just past the end of the mattress. I couldn't remember the last time I slept on a fully kept bed. I sink into the pillows, cleaned just the other day with detergent that tickles my nose.

It has been five days now since Rick's group found me clinging to life. It was actually Carol and Sasha who found me; I was fighting off three walkers who cornered me in a rest stop. They came in and dispatched them with ease and soon recruited me to join their "group" in Alexandria. I couldn't complain - I would be dead without them. There is a sudden knock at the door.

"Come in." I yawn.

The door slowly opens, letting out a deep creaking noise from the rusted hinges. Michonne peaks her head through the opening.

"We're having a meeting down in the parlor." She says firmly, "Rick asked for you to join."

I nod, pulling off my covers and quickly throw on a t-shirt and jeans that I had laid out for myself the night before. I strap my gun holster around my waist, tighten it and slide my handgun into place.

I rush out of the room and down the stairs, passing Carol, plate of beet and walnut "cookies" in hand, in the hallway leading into the large parlor where everyone waits.

"Morning, dear. You're looking much better," Carol smiles, "Want a cookie?"

"I'm good for now. Thank you, though."

I enter into the parlor and quickly scan the room: Abraham, Aaron and Glenn sit on a couch against the back wall, Daryl stands in the corner staring vacantly out a window, Jesus sits in an office chair polishing his knife, Michonne sharpens her sword near Daryl, and Rick and Carl stand at the front of the room.

"Nice of you to join us. Take a seat." Rick welcomes, "We were just going over the plans for the day."

He follows me with his eyes as I cross the room and take a seat on a stool near Jesus, who in turn gives me a joyful nod; his emerald eyes are piercing.

'So here's the deal, everyone. I know you must be scared - with the Savior attacks and, frankly, everything else that has happened to us..." Rick starts with his gravel-touched voice, "but, we have to be strong. We have to unite and work together. We have to make Alexandria strong again."

"So what do we do?" Daryl asks, finally turning from the window.

"Diana... she made plans. Here-" Rick points, walking across the room to a large desk, grabbing a large parchment from the top drawer and unrolling it atop the desk, "She gave us instructions... before she passed. A new era of Alexandria. It calls for action from all of us."

"Just tell us what we need to do, and you got it." Abraham firmly states, crossing his arms and leaning forward.

Rick skims the parchment, sliding his fingers across the map as he scans the scribbled words and drawings.

"Daryl -" Rick starts, locking eye contact with him, "I'm going to need you to go on a supply run. There is a small pharmacy about five miles up the road from here. We could use some more meds for Maggie's pregnancy. Take the bike out."

Daryl nods and promptly leaves the room, grabbing his crossbow that he had left leaning against the doorway as he exits. Rick turns towards Abraham.

"Abraham, I need you on patrol in the northwest tower. Stop by the armory and Sasha will get you something with a scope. I know you like your alone time." Rick grinned.

"Yeah. I got it." Abraham nodded, getting up from the couch and leaving the room, cracking his knuckles as he passes me.

"Alright, Glenn - I think you should stay here with Maggie. She needs

you right now more than anything. And having Maggie stress about you being out in the field will only do bad things on that baby's health."

Glenn nods with a sense of worry in his eyes. He gets up from the couch and crosses the room. Rick places his hand on Glenn's shoulder.

"It'll be alright." Rick whispers to him, "Go to her."

Glenn exits the room with urgency.

"Carl, can you help them with anything they might need." Rick asks, looking down at his son.

"But... Dad, I want to help."

Rick kneels down to Carl's level.

"You are helping. Carl - just do this for me. I know you want to prove yourself, but please just do this."

They both are silent for a moment, followed by a deep, disappointed sigh from Carl.

"Fine." Carl whispers under his breath, leaving the room with his arms crossed and head down.

"Aaron, can you relieve Sasha and look over the armory for a bit? She's been there since last night."

"Sure, Rick. Not a problem." Aaron replies, patting Rick on the shoulder as he passes him on the way out.

"Michonne - I'm going to send you to The Hilltop community. Take Jesus with you. We need more seeds for harvest season. Talk to Sasha about getting some spare supplies to bring with you for trade."

"We can handle it." Michonne states with confidence, sliding her katana back into the holster across her back.

"Needed to stretch the legs, anyhow." Jesus jokes.

They both exit together, leaving just Rick and I in the room. He looks over at me with his rugged, deep set eyes.

"I know you're new to the group - but each of us have to pull our own weight. What can you provide us?"

I get up from my seat and nod. I owe this group my life after they saved me. I need to prove myself.

"You could always join Daryl or Michonne and Jesus on their run to Hilltop. Abraham could maybe use some company up in the tower, but I wouldn't recommend disturbing him. Aaron could maybe use some help in the armory - or, maybe check in on Glenn and Maggie? Carl could use the company. Hell, I could also use some help with looking over Diana's plans."

Rick stares back at me with a steady conviction, waiting for an

answer. I think over my options, resting my hand on the handle of my holster.

"So what'll it be?" Rick asks, cocking his head to the side.

\_\*\*READER'S CHOICE (Choose via the chapter selection panel):\*\*\_

Join Daryl on his run to the pharmacy. \_(Not available). \_

Join Michonne and Jesus on their run to The Hilltop.

Join Abraham in the watchtower.

Join Aaron in the armory. \_(Not available). \_

Keep Glenn company while Carl cares for Maggie. \_(Not available).

—

Keep Carl company while Glenn cares for Maggie. \_(Not available).

—

Help Rick look over Diana's plans.

\*\*PLEASE REVIEW! As more reviews come in, more chapters/selections will become available! Thank you! \*\*

## 2. Join Abraham in the watchtower

"I've got a good shot and know my way around a scope" I reply to Rick with confidence, "I could help out on lookout."

"Good. We need more people around here who know their way around a rifle." Rick grins, "Report in with Abraham. He can assign you a post. He should be at the northwest tower by now."

I nod to him. I want to prove myself to this group. I go to exit the room, only to be stopped by Rick grabbing me by the shoulder.

"I have a lot of faith in you. I don't know why." Rick says, "Don't let me down."

I nod and exit, heading directly to the watchtower where Abraham is taking up post. I arrive as Abraham is unpacking his bag and setting up shop: lawn chair out, rifle and magazines neatly arranged across the floor, and a few nude magazines sitting in a pile next to the chair. He peers over me, only to look back to what he was doing, as if I never entered.

"What are you doing here?" Abraham asks.

"Rick thought you could use some help. Maybe thought you could use a second pair of eyes?" I explain, "I've got a good shot."

"Do you now?" He asks, not convinced.

"I do. I've been surviving out there for just as long as you. I know my way around a rifle."

"Well, hot damn. Want a medal?" Abraham replies with a smart-ass tone.

"If you don't need any help-" I start, turning towards the exit.

"C'mon - " He exclaims, "I'm an asshole, get used to it. Let's see how well you shoot, kid. Come over here."

Abraham points over to an already mounted rifle attached to the watchtower.

"Knock out some walkers. It'll make you feel better." He grins.

I walk over to the rifle and peer through the scope. I see two walkers in the distance, limping directionless down the road. With two quick shots, their heads shred apart like butter as the bullets rip through them.

"Well, shit. You do have a good shot." Abraham laughs, "But you could improve your stance."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"The way you're holding the rifle. You can get less recoil if you-" He begins, walking over behind me and placing his large arms over mine, applying pressure to guide my grip, "- like this."

He slowly moves the gun and my grip into a more comfortable stance, his body and arms collapsing over me.

"If you hold it like this - you'll hit them every time."

"Thanks." I reply.

I notice he stays behind me for a moment. I feel his large, bear-like chest muscles against my back. I feel his warm breath against the back of my neck. Just as I expect him to pull away, he doesn't.

"So, yeah - hold you rifle just like that - " He mumbles awkwardly, trying to strike some form of conversation, "You smell nice."

I feel his nose brush up against the back of my neck. It sends shivers down my spine. I feel his large, rugged hands move down from my arms to sliding across my chest. He groans as he explores my body from behind me. I feel his member press against my backside.

"You feel nice." He whispers into my ear, "I haven't... been with anyone for awhile."

"That's okay." I reply with confidence, "Go as slow as you want."

He is like a child exploring a body for the first time; curious grabs and trusts. His amber beard scratches at my neck as he slowly kisses it. His hand travels under my t-shirt; I shiver at the feeling of his callused, cold palms. I quickly turn to him, breaking his hand contact. I stare into his deeply, sunken eyes - he is a man who has seen death and has felt loss. I want to give myself to him. I want him to feel human - even just for a minute.

We kiss passionately. It grows more, and more aggressive; his lips battering against mine, almost as if making up for lost time. He cradles the back of my neck with his right hand, providing me support against the onslaught of lips and tongue. I push back, breaking our lip contact to catch my breath.

"I want you on your knees, boy." He commands.

I smile and do what he says. I get on both knees and look up at him: a hulking man unbuckling his belt. Without hesitation, he drops his cargo pants and boxers to the floor. He slowly jerks himself off as he looks down at me. I lean forward, grasping his member and inserting it into my lips. I suck and play with the tip. I make circles with my tongue.

"Oh... shit." Abraham exclaims under his breath, pushing his fingers back through his hair.

He continues to moan as I work myself down the shaft. I cup his balls with my spare hand, matching the rhythm with my mouth. He rips off his stained, tan tank top, displaying his large, rippling chest. My hands begin to explore his lower chest as I push him deeper and deeper into my throat. I gag once, pulling the long cock out of my mouth for air.

I look up at Abraham and lick my lips. There is no longer sadness in his eyes - only passion and heat. He pulls me up to my feet and rips my t-shirt off my body. He leans in, inhaling deeply as he burrows his face into my neck. His curious hands feel down my chest and stop at my jeans, unbuttoning them and sliding them and my boxer briefs down to my feet. He leads me over to the empty lawn chair, sitting me down with my legs open and my ankles leaning on the armrest.

"I want you so bad." Abraham pants, looking down at me as I reach over my body and massage my hole, "I want to fuck you so bad."

"Then come over and do something about it." I reply.

He charges forward, matching his lips against mine. I feel the force of his body press into me; a bull charging into a red cape. His fingers join mine, massaging and opening my hole to him. I feel the dry tip slowly press into me, followed by him spitting downward, followed by his fingers pressing the makeshift lube deep into me. I was ready to be filled by him.

I pull his pelvis in closer as he pulls his fingers out of me. I feel his cock slowly press into me. The mixture of pain and pressure is almost too much, I blindly grasp at his shoulder as he continues to push. I let out an intense squeal, soon muffled by Abraham's hand.

"Fuck your tight." He grunts under his breath, sweat dripping down his hulk-like body.

He was completely inside me. He stays motionless for a moment, letting his large cock rest inside of me; he takes in the warmth of my insides. He slowly gains rhythm: in and out, in and out, in and out. I let out a sharp howl each time he presses into me, still muffled by his hand. I was tight, and he liked that. I suck on one finger as he fucks me harder, and harder.

We lock eye contact as he becomes rougher and harder; a bestial wrath slowly growing in his eyes. My eyes close and my toes curled, I focus on the feeling of him sliding in and out of my asshole - it is intense, almost too intense.

"Slow- Slow down." I exclaim, catching my breath.

He does so, wiping the sweat off his forehead.

"Sorry. Got carried away. Your ass is perfect."

He begins stroking my shaft as he slides into me, building pressure and warmth in my cock. I feel myself building and building, a climax imitate. He cradles my legs, picking me up from the chair. He places me onto the floor and flips me onto my stomach. I arch my back and spread myself in his direction. He grins, spitting onto my hole and reentering me, prompting us to both moan in unison.

He continues to thrust into me, this time slower and calculated. His cock hits me in the right spots, releasing a euphoria of pleasure and unplanned noises to erupt from my mouth.

"I'm gonna -" Abraham exclaims, closing his eyes and tightening his face, "I'm gonna fucking cum."

I feel the warmth spread into me in quick, jabbed squirts. He continues to thrust into me as the large load enters me. I begin jerking myself off, feeling the pressure build until I could no longer control it. I look down as I watch the cum shoot from my cock onto the ground under me, building a small milky white pool under me.

"Fuck." Abraham exclaims, "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

He falls backward onto his bottom, and then onto his back, clearly exhausted from the festivities. I stand up and collapse into the lawn chair. My body aches and my asshole is on fire - something that would go away in a couple days.

"You're gonna be walking funny for a day or two." Abraham laughs, "Just say you pulled something in your leg."

"I'm going to need crutches." I joke back, sliding my boxer briefs back onto my body.

"Sorry - I got a little carried away. It's... it's been awhile since I've gotten to do that."

"No need to apologies... I had fun." I say to him, still trying to catch my breath.

We rest for a moment, but soon we each get a second wind and begin to collect and put back on our clothing. He watches me as I pull my shirt over my head.

"We have to do this again." He exhales, stretching out his arms.

I nod back at him. He walks back over to the mounted rifle, peering out into the distance with the scope.

"Come on, I'll show you a trick with reloading." He turns towards me, grinning, "...and then maybe we can go for round two."

### 3. Help Rick look over Diana's plans

"Why don't I help you out here, Rick? Sounds like you could use a second pair of eyes on Diana's plans."

Rick folded his arms and looks me deep in the eyes.

"I suppose that would help." He agrees, turning from me and walking back to the large, unrolled parchment, "There are a couple things I can't really make out."

We spent all morning and afternoon looking over every inch of those plans. Rick had me write down notes as he talked aloud; he is brainstorming on how to make the walls larger and more fortified, how to save and reserve more fuel, and proper crop rotations for the coming winter.

Rick lets out a long, held out yawn as the orange glow of sunset begins to peak through the windows. He lets out a long, drawn out yawn as he crosses the room and begins rolling up Diana's plans.

"I think my head might explode if we talk anymore." Rick laughs, "You're free for now to do whatever. We can meet up again tomorrow."

"Sounds good, Rick." I reply with a nod.

Rick begins to exit, but stops in the doorway, turning back to me as I begin packing up my bag.

"Thanks for the help. Today. It was nice to have company for once."

"Of course, Rick. I'm glad I could help." I respond.

He doesn't leave. I'm not sure what he wants from me, but we continue to stare toward each other. He struggles to find words.

"Well, have a good night." Rick states calmly, turning and exiting the room with hesitation.

I listen to his boots creak against the hardwood of the hallway, growing more and more distant, only to grow louder again. He is coming back to the parlor. He stops in the doorway.

"Do you want a drink?" Rick asks, hand scratching the back of his hand, "Carol made some moonshine for everyone. I have a jug in the kitchen."

I match eye contact with him. His eyes are deep and piercing. He stands with a masculine, cowboy-like stance as he waits for my answer.

"Sure. But I have to warn you, I'm kind of a light-weight."



Rick laughs, gesturing me to follow him down the hall, in which I promptly get up and do. I sit down at the kitchen table and Rick pours me a generous serving of the strong beverage. He pours himself an even bigger glass. I take one sip, feeling the burn of the liquor slide down my throat. We sit for what seems like hours, talking about Alexandria, Rick's past, and my upbringing. I find his gravel-like voice intoxicating. I just want to kiss him. The liquor is taking affect. I close my eyes and just go for it, interrupting him mid-sentence.

There was a moment of silence between Rick and I. I don't know why or how he would react - but it just felt like something I needed to do. Rick was handsome and a leader, something I look for in a man. Rick, still staring into my eyes with raw shock, turns to his side. He places his glass of moonshine on the kitchen table, and deeply exhales.

"Listenâ€¦" Rick finally speaks, letting out a rasp tone.

"I know. I'm sorry." I declare.

I am embarrassed and drunk. I begin to exit the kitchen, but the deep voice keeps me from moving.

"Why are you leaving?" He asked.

"I - I just..."

"C'mon. I don't care. I get it." I laughed.

The tense aura of the room suddenly ceased. I felt like I could breathe again. He wasn't going to hold this against me. I take a seat across from the table. I stare back into his eyes.

"Blame it on the moonshine." Rick chuckled, forming his mouth into a tight side grin.

"Again, I'm sorry."

"I get it. When I lost Lori... And Jessie... I-"

"You don't have to talk about it. When you lose someone you love, it's difficult to reclaim the sense of love you used to have."

Rick nods his head, taking another stiff sip of the moonshine. I finish my glass; I clench my face as it burns.

"Do you want to... spend the night?" Rick asks.

"What do you mean?" I ask, panic stretching in my voice.

"I don't know -" Rick struggles to find the words.

"Like... me and you?"

"Yes. Like me and you."

"Are you... Sure?"

"I don't know what I'm sure about anymore." Rick declares, standing

up from his seat, "All I know is that the world ain't the world anymore. And we're alone. And we need company."

Rick circles the kitchen, stopping behind my seat. His hard and firm hands collapse over my shoulders. He begins giving me a massage, a sensation I haven't felt in quite some time.

"Jessie had this thing for shoulder rubs. Do you like them?"

All of this is happening fast. Words scatter in my head. I find two:

"Yeah. Good."

\_Smooth.\_

"You're tense. You'd think the moonshine would fight that." Rick laughed.

"I - I just don't want you to regret this... Whatever 'this' is..."

"I won't." He said firmly, stopping the massage.

He leans in around the chair and kisses me. A firm kiss. His beard presses upon my freshly shaven face. I don't move, but he places his hand upon my cheek. I kiss back, moving my lips in the motion to match his. He pulls away.

"Let's go upstairs. Carl is still with Glenn and Maggie. Michonne and Jesus are not back yet."

I look back with glassy, confused eyes.

"I won't regret this. Let's just... have fun 'in the now'."

I nod and follow him up the stairs, each step quickening with my heart rate. We stop in front of his door. He opens the door and sits on the foot of the bed. I'm still in the doorway.

"So how do we do this?" Rick asks.

I look over at the bathroom door. I need to collect myself.

"Do you mind -?"

"Not at all."

I walk into the bathroom and quickly shut the door behind me. I stare into the mirror for a moment. What am I doing? Am I really about to fuck Rick Grimes? I take off my t-shirt, revealing my toned chest. I strip down to just my grey boxer briefs, hanging my clothes over the shower curtain rod.

"Everything alright?" Rick asks from the bedroom.

I take one final breath and exit the bathroom. Rick is lying on the bed in just a white t-shirt and plaid boxers. I approach him with child-like excitement. As I crawl on top of him, he places his hand on my side, grasping onto my hip.

"Again... are you su-" I start, but was soon silenced as he goes in for a kiss.

This time the kiss lasted. I felt him cock become hard as we locked bodies. I slide my hand down his chest, feeling the outline of his muscles on his slim, yet muscular frame. As I approach the bottom of the shirt, I pull it upwards, ripping it off of his body.

"I've never done this before." Rick bashfully declared, "so this will be a learning experience."

"I guessed." I joke.

I mustered the courage to slowly move down his chest, kissing his nipples, the grooves that made up his abs, and lower abdomen. Rick begins to breathe heavily, letting out a slight whimper when I cup my hands around his throbbing dick. I haven't sucked a cock in quite some time. I pull Rick's boxers down over his feet and toss it in the corner of the bedroom. I look up at Rick's face, then down at his rod. I begin to lick the tip, moving my tongue in the circular direction, slowly moving my mouth downward over the shaft. Rick lets out another deep, manly moan. I am doing it correctly, I suppose.

I continue sucking him off. I get off on the whimpers and moans coming out of Rick's mouth. He even said my name at one point. I grasp the cock with my hand, moving my firm grip in the motion of my mouth.

"Oh... shit!" Rick moans.

I stop and look up at him. He looks back at me.

"Do you want me to stop?" I ask.

There is a moment of silence.

"No." He confirms.

I continue sucking Rick's cock, slowly feeling and stroking myself in the process. I begin fondling his balls, feeling his chest that heaves in and out, and watching his toes clench as I slobber down on his shaft.

Both of his hands grasp my shoulders, signaling me to stop. He was close. I felt it.

"Fuck." Rick sighed.

"Do you want to fuck me?" I asked.

Rick looks into my eyes. The temperature of the room has risen. A bead of sweat moves down his forehead from his unruly hair, falling onto his chest.

"Yes." Rick answered, pulling me in for another kiss.

I move back up and on top of him, pressing his member against my hole. I taunt him with it. I spit into my hand and reach under me, spreading it onto Rick's cock. I slowly lower myself, letting just

the tip push into me. The friction and light pressure makes him moan.

"I want you to fuck the shit out of me, Rick. Pretend it's not me. Just fuck me."

Rick pushes upwards, throwing me onto my back. He lifts both of my legs over his shoulder. He kisses me with a primal rage. I feel his cock brushing up against mine. I reach out, grasping both members within my hand, stroking them together in unison.

"Flip onto your stomach." He commands.

I do so. I feel Rick explore my ass and lower back. His firm, callused hands slide down over my bare bottom. One of his fingers insert into me. I let out a whimper. I hear him spit, followed by a wet sensation over onto my asshole. He massages it into me; one finger pulsating inside of me, and then two.

"Fuck me, Rick. Fuck me, please." I whimper.

His hand folds over my mouth. I feel a sharp pain as he inserts into me. Rick lets out a euphoric exhale.

"Fuck my tight ass." I wale, muffled by his hand.

He continues to press into me, filling me completely with his member. I clench the bed sheets as he begins his motions.

In and out. In and out. In and out.

I feel a mixture of pain and pleasure. The last person to fuck me was Eric, and that was just during the start of our relationship.

Rick's movements grow in intensity and speed. His skin hitting against mine creates a slapping sound, growing louder and louder. He lays his chest over my back, pinning me into the sheets as he relentlessly pushes himself into me. He begins to kiss my neck. I moan.

"I want to look into your eyes as I fuck you." He whispers to me.

I give out a deep exhale as he pulls out of me. I do as he commands, spinning over onto my back. Without hesitation, Rick moves his mouth onto my throbbing cock. I was surprised. I wouldn't think he would do this. Anything can happen in the heat of the moment, I suppose.

He gave it a moment, but he seemed lost as he tried to figure out how to give head to another man. Rick had seen Lori do it for years, but never really noted how it was actually done.

I pull his head up from my cock and press my lips against his. As we kiss, I feel the familiar pressure of his dick sliding into me. I thrust my head back onto the covers beneath me. He holds onto my shoulders for leverage, thrusting into me like a play-thing. I focus on his eyes as he watches me; the sweat growing and his face becoming redder.

His eyes widen and mouth drops

"Cum in me." I order.

And like that, I feel the warmth of his load travel into me. He lets out some sort of hushed, primal roar as he thrusts three final times into me. On the second thrust, I feel myself cumming. I close my eyes as I feel the rush of semen coming out of me and onto my chest.

Rick slowly pulls out of me and collapses onto his back. I lay there for a moment, cum dripping from my heaving, sweaty body.

"Well... that was something." Rick moans, breaking the silence of the steamy room.

"Did you enjoy it?" I questioned.

Rick didn't answer at first. I think he was scared of his own realization. I pull myself up and look him in the eyes.

"...Yeah, I did." He confirms, almost ashamed.

"We can keep this between us. I won't tell anyone."

"It's not that... it's just..."

"Trust me. I get it. Sometimes you just need 'release'... and we did that." I joke.

"Release." Rick laughs at the word as he gets up and starts to dress.

I watch him slide his boxers back on and the white shirt over his frame. He goes into the bathroom and hands me my clothes.

"We probably shouldn't be together here... if, you know... Michonne or Carl come home."

I rush to put my clothes back on.

"That's probably for the best."

Rick leads me to the front door in silence. Before reaching for the knob, he turns back to me.

"I didn't regret it. I'm glad it happened." He smiles.

"Me, too."

"We can just... file this away?" He asks.

"Of course."

"And maybe... We can do this again?"

"Again. Yeah." I responded, not knowing what to say.

I left the Grimes' household with just that. I passed Carl on the way out, exchanging a casual nod towards one another.

"He stayed over?" I hear Carl ask, "What did he want?"

"Yeah. Just some Alexandria stuff." Rick responds, "Don't worry about it."

#### 4. Help Michonne and Jesus on their run

"I'll head out with Michonne and Jesus. I've never been to The Hilltop and I think it would be good that I help with the negotiations of trade."

"Is that right?" Rick replies, crossing his arms with speculation.

"Debate team. Three years. If I can help and provide this group something, it would definitely be now." I laugh with confidence.

"I'll let Michonne know to expect you. Head over to the armory and suit up. They'll meet you there."

I nod and begin to exit the room, only to be stopped by Rick lightly grabbing my arm.

"Keep an eye on Michonne, will ya? Watch her back."

"Sure thing." I respond.

I left and made my way over to the armory, passing a few neighbors and exchanging a simple nod and smile. As I approach the armory, I see Michonne and Jesus waiting for me near the doorway. I lock eye contact with Michonne, prompting her to walk in my direction.

"Rick walkie'd - he let us know you're joining us on the run. Get inside and get some supplies, we're heading out in ten minutes." She states in her lukewarm tone.

I quickly stop in and Aaron gets me a backpack of tradable goods. We head over to a grouping of parked cars: Michonne takes driver seat, Jesus front, and I sit in the back. It took us just under forty-five minutes to drive to The Hilltop, but we were welcomed with open arms. We met with Gregory and made successful trades for Alexandria. By the time we ended negotiations, it was sundown and Gregory offered us housing for the night. We accepted.

Michonne is put in a room down on the main level and Jesus and I were put in a shared bedroom on the top floor. My body is sore and tired. Jesus takes off his boots and lays across one of the beds.

"You taking a shower?" He asks, stretching his arms out and yawning.

"Probably." I respond.

"Well, hurry up, recruit. I'm after you."

I grab a towel that Gregory left out for us on our beds and head into the bathroom. I take a long, hot shower - about thirty minutes. I re-enter the bedroom in a cloud of hot vapor. I look over to Jesus, who is watching me as I cross the room to my bed. In a moment of panic, I tighten the towel around my waist.

"No need to get bashful. You have a nice little body there." Jesus points out with a grin.

I don't know how to respond. I smile and turn my back to him, rummaging through my bag for a change of clothes. I pull out a pair of jeans and an undershirt that was wadded up at the bottom. I hear the sound of footsteps crossing the room; closer, and closer.

I feel Jesus' chest press into my back - each hidden groove of muscle resting upon my bare, clean back. The steam from the shower still lingers in the air. The room is hot. Sticky. Jesus' hot breath presses against the back of my neck. His hand moves down my chest and rests on the top of my towel. He kisses the back of my neck. His tongue slides out between his slightly chapped lips, tracing the back of my spine. His large, brunette beard tickles me as it scratches against my skin.

I quickly break away, having to push down my rapidly growing erection. Jesus takes a step back with a grin, proud and fond of his actions. He pushes back his hair in one quick swoop.

"I'm sorry. Too fast?" Jesus quipped.

"C'mon. We have to be careful around here. They might hear us!"

Jesus crosses the room and closes the bedroom door, locking it in the process. He flips off the bedroom lights. He motions me over to his bed, where I lay down and take off my towel.

"You're wearing too many clothes." I joke, staring into Jesus' emerald-gold eyes from across the room.

Jesus slides off his trench coat suggestively, placing it overtop a nearby chair, followed by his boots, belt, and gun holster. He pulls his black t-shirt over his head, exposing his hairy and firm chest. His body is beautiful; lean and tight with his tanned skin. He has a perfectly defined "V" on his abdominal region, hidden behind his tight jeans.

He stands in place for a moment, tracing his hands over his chest. I just want to lick him from head to toe. The moonlight, creeping in through the window, reflects off his olive skin. He unzips his jeans, leaving them open and balancing on his hips, ready to fall to the floor.

"How bad do you want it?" Jesus plays, pulling his jeans down slowly, inch by inch, displaying the black, tight boxer briefs underneath.

"Please... don't make me beg."

"I like it when you beg. You have the right... tone for it."

"Oh, so you like my tone?"

"I like more than just your tone." Jesus laughs, pulling his jeans to the floor.

"Get over here." I beg.

Jesus did what I asked, joining me in bed, and sliding his boxer briefs off as he slides under the Victorian style comforter. Our two bodies press against one another, heat building between the both of us. Jesus begins to breath heavy, reacting to my rough hands sliding across his chest - over his nipples, over each abdominal, over his tuft of hair between his pecs. We continue to kiss passionately, melting into one another.

Our bodies intertwine, rolling and flipping into different positions - I am always on top. Sweat begins to form in pearls on my forehead, sliding down and out my still wet hair and onto Jesus' chest. I press my cock against his, growing harder and harder.

Jesus grasps onto my throbbing cock. I collapse onto him in pleasure. Jesus bites his own lip as he begins moving his firm grasp overtop my rock-hard cock. I let out a feint whine. I kiss him harder.

We dry thrust into one another - our lips crashing into the other's like ocean waves. I pull away and spit into my hand. Jesus thrusts his head back and slides his hands through his hair, ready for me to penetrate. I slide one finger into his tight, warm hole. I make circles, slowly going deeper into him. Jesus breaths through the pain; pointed bursts of breath, in and out.

"I want you inside me..." Jesus moans, face clenched.

"You have no other choice." I whisper back to him in a deviant tone.

I continue massaging Jesus' hole in a circular rotation, slowly moving up to an extra finger. Jesus grunts, closing his eyes and panting. I begin working my fingers harder and faster.

"Oh... Shit... Fuck..." Jesus mouths, not able to make a noise.

I kneel down closer to him, kissing down his neck and chest. As I continue to loosen his hole with my fingers, I begin to lick the tip of Jesus' cock - slobbery and wet. I find a nice rhythm between the fingering and sucking, paying close attention to Jesus' moans. I enjoy his taste. Total and honest ecstasy.

I flip Jesus onto his chest and lift his hairy and firm ass up to my mouth. I begin playing with his asshole, slurping as my tongue slides in and out of him. I gather saliva in my mouth and spit downward onto his hole, using my fingers to push and massage it into him. I spend the time to loosen his man-hole, slowly sliding in an extra finger over time. I watch his face, which reads as a mixture of pain and pleasure, as I fuck him with my three fingers. I want inside of him.

I get up from eating out his pulsating circle and insert myself into him - slow and methodical. Not too fast, not too slow. I feel his warm orifice surround my throbbing cock. Jesus lets out a loud moan, but I quickly muffle it with my hand.

"Careful... People are probably sleeping." I laughed, moving back into a kiss to silence the pain.



I continue to push myself into Jesus' tight hole, grabbing his legs and placing them over my shoulders. Soon, I feel myself completely inside of him. I begin slow with my thrusts, but gain momentum. The sound of my skin against Jesus' ass echoes through the room. I stare directly into his deep green eyes as I pound into him. In and out.

"I need... to slow down..." I pant in-between breaths, "Or I'm gonna cum."

"Are you close?" Jesus moans.

"Very."

"Me too... Fill me up." Jesus replies, fastening his stroke as I pierce into him.

I trust faster and harder, varying the speed and gasping onto Jesus' neck. He bites his lower lip. I stroke him and listen to his deep wales of pleasure. His eyes widen.

"Fuck me." Jesus begins chanting, "Fuck the cum out of me."

I fuck him harder. From what I can tell by his facial expressions is that he enjoys the pain - a power bottom. I continue to deeply fuck him, building up pressure to our climaxes. Building... building... almost too much. I jolt upwards as my chest heaves. I feel the warmth of the liquid shooting deep into his asshole in three separate spurts. Jesus lets out a soothing moan as he mouths, "I'm cumming."

Jesus cums, shooting upwards and onto my heaving chest, dripping down over his abdominal region. I collapse to Jesus' side. There is a moment of silence - just deep breathing. Recouping.

"I needed that." Jesus laughed, "I've been waiting for someone to fuck me like that. Can't feel my legs. Damn."

I get up from the bed, grabbing my towel and wiping the sweat off my body and the cum from his chest. Jesus continues to lay over the bed, limp and numb. His body heaves.

"Can I get you anything?" I ask.

"A new asshole. Fuck." Jesus moans, clearly joking, "You filled me up."

"Get to stretchin'. I'm gonna be coming back for that." I reply with a wink.

"I'm going to jump in the shower. Join me?" Jesus asks, holding out his hand to be helped up from the bed.

I help him up and lead him in the shower. He turns on the hot water and steams begins to fill the bathroom. He steps into the mist, grabs my hand, and lures me in with him. Our hot, rugged bodies intertwine in the hot fog.

End

file.